

EDMONDSON • GERADS

# THE PUNISHER®





FRANK CASTLE was once a decorated Marine officer, an upstanding citizen and family man. Then his family was violently taken from him when they were accidentally killed in a mob hit. From that day on, Frank Castle shed his old identity and became a force of cold, calculated retribution and vigilantism known as

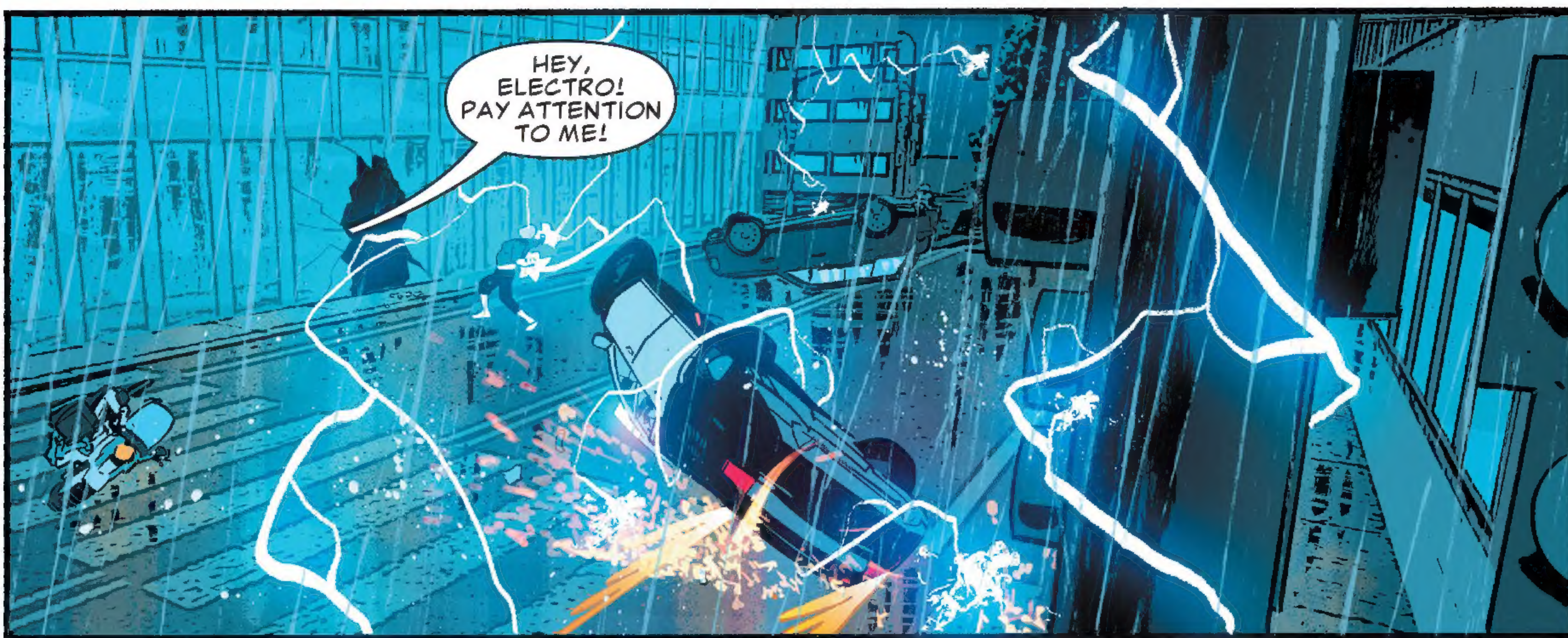
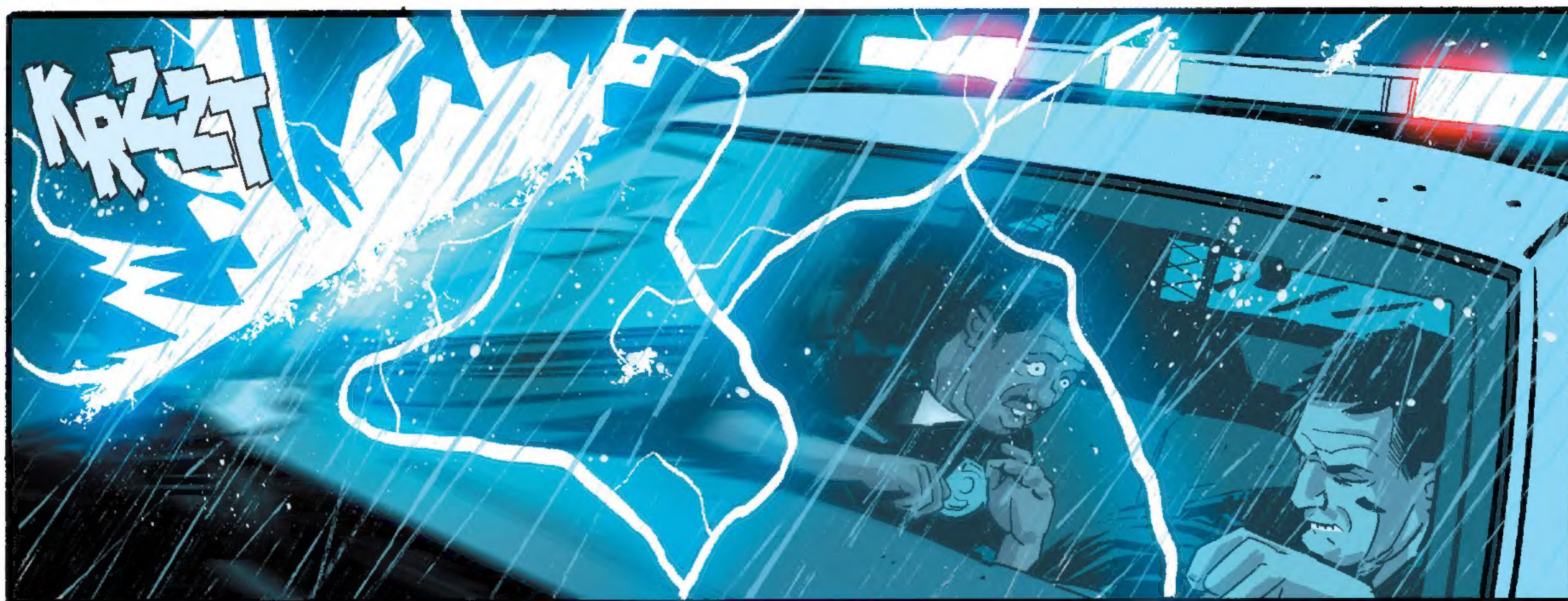
# — THE PUNISHER —

## PREVIOUSLY

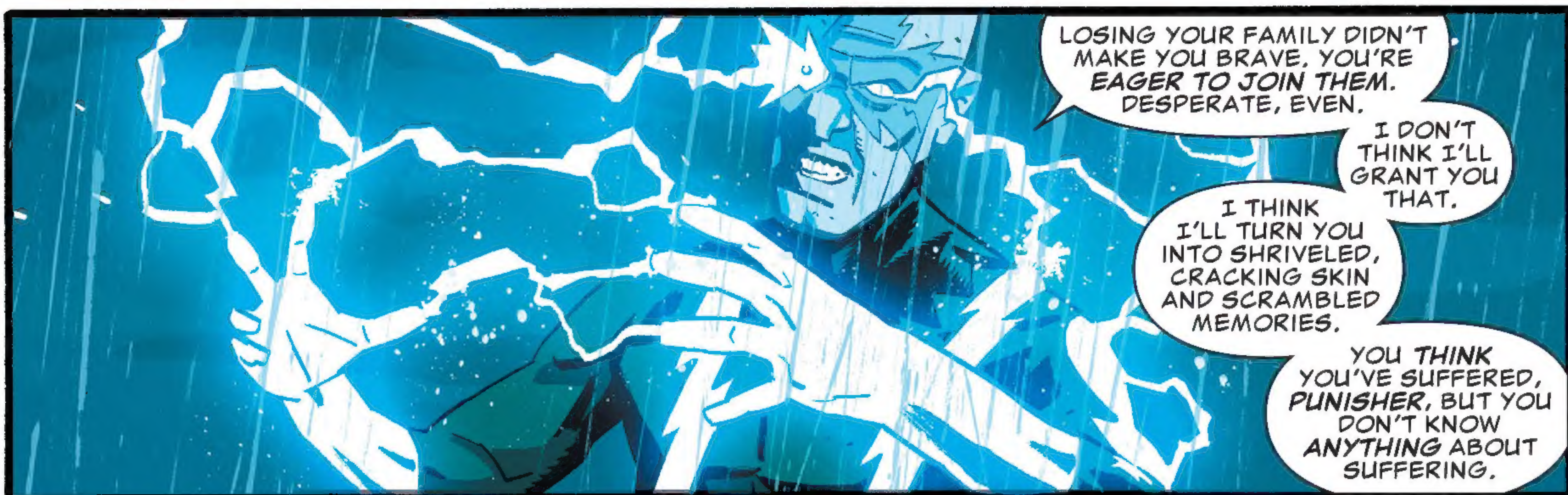
The Los Angeles gang Dos Soles joined forces with science terrorists A.I.M. (Advanced Idea Mechanics) and the super villain Electro to execute an attack on L.A. As Frank pursued the gangsters with the help of a military contact named Tuggs, an elite military strike force, the new HOWLING COMMANDOS, received the kill order to take Frank down. After placing canisters of a deadly chemical weapon around the city, the Dos Soles had Electro cut the power on the entire city. With the clock ticking and A.I.M. forcibly recruiting the mercenary Domino, the Punisher had the gang's leader and the man with the weapon's trigger, Guillermo Del Sol, in his sights. That is, until Electro blasted Frank through a plate glass window...



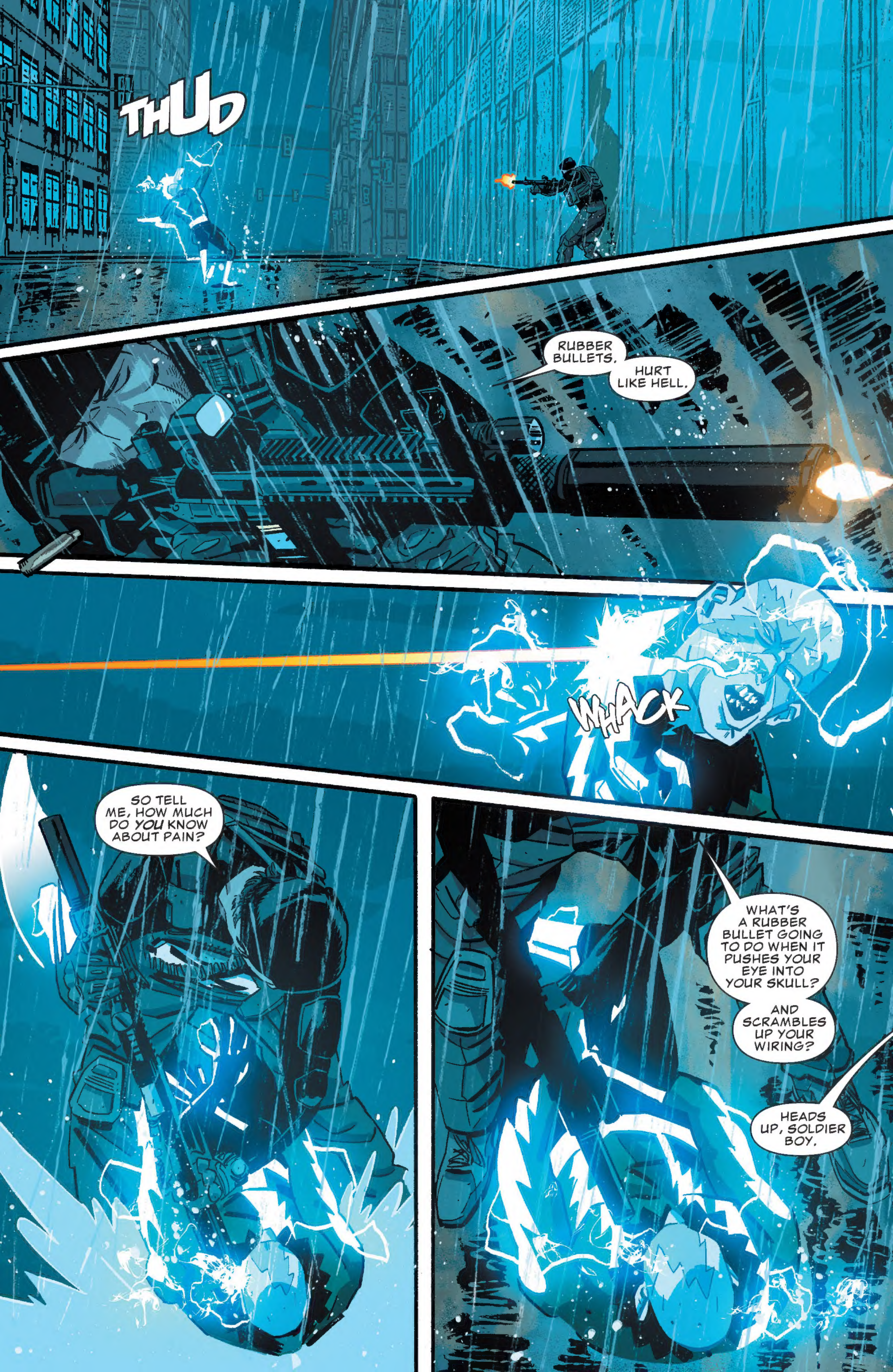












THUD

RUBBER  
BULLETS.

HURT  
LIKE HELL.

WHACK

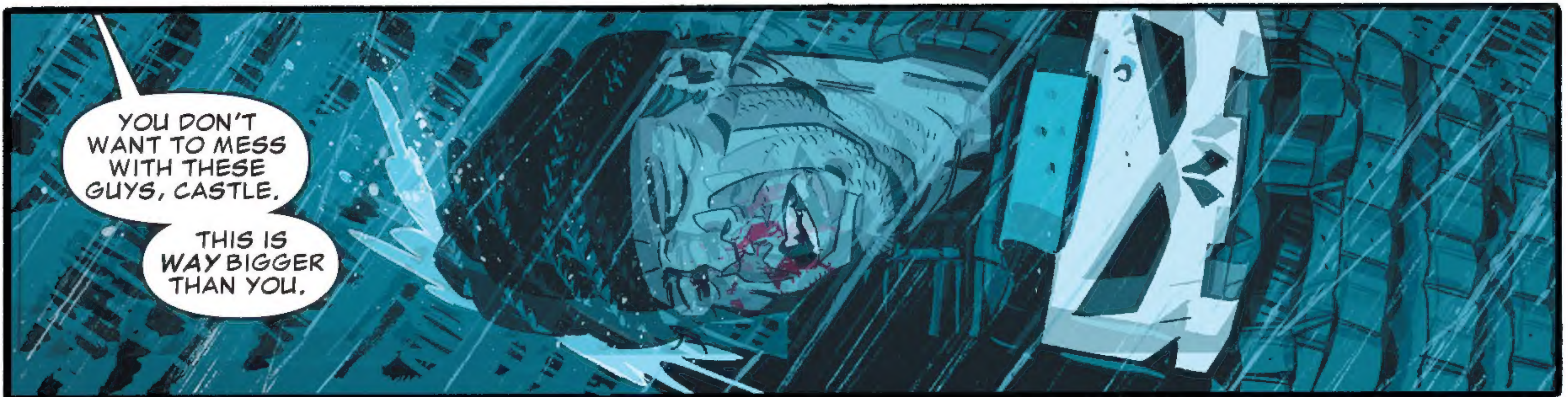
SO TELL  
ME, HOW MUCH  
DO YOU KNOW  
ABOUT PAIN?

WHAT'S  
A RUBBER  
BULLET GOING  
TO DO WHEN IT  
PUSHES YOUR  
EYE INTO  
YOUR SKULL?

AND  
SCRAMBLES  
UP YOUR  
WIRING?

HEADS  
UP, SOLDIER  
BOY.









# RED DAWN



THIS IS A WORLD  
OF SUPER HEROES  
AND SUPER VILLAINS.

...SOMETIMES I'M  
NOT SURE I'M CUT  
OUT FOR IT.

**NATHAN EDMONDSON**  
WRITER

**MITCH GERADS**  
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**VC'S CORY PETIT**  
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CHIEF CREATIVE OFFICER

**DAN BUCKLEY**  
PUBLISHER

**ALAN FINE**  
EXEC. PRODUCER



GRAND PARK, L.A.



LET'S GO,  
SEÑOR DEL  
SOL!

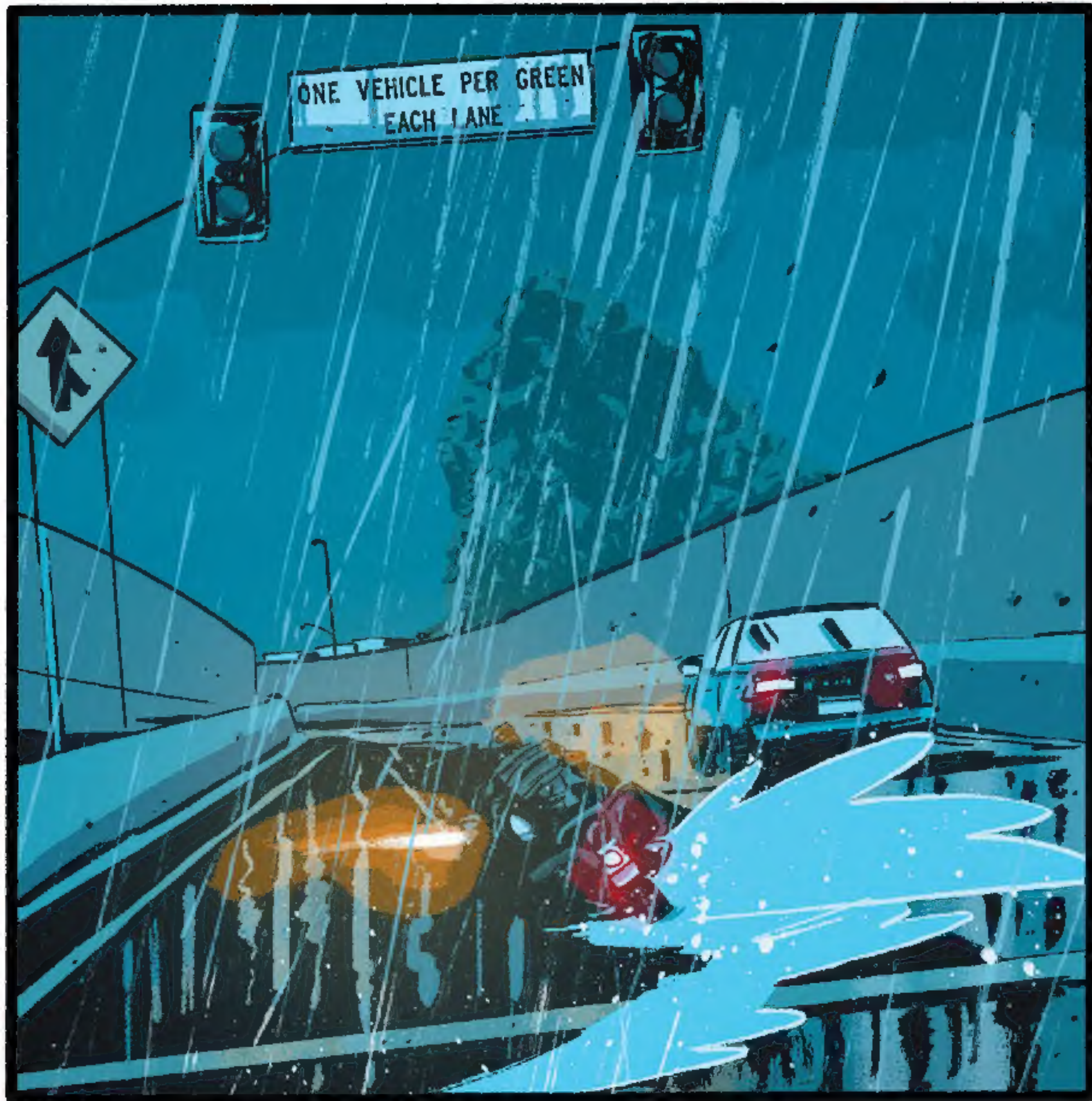
WE GOT  
YOU!

GO,  
GO...

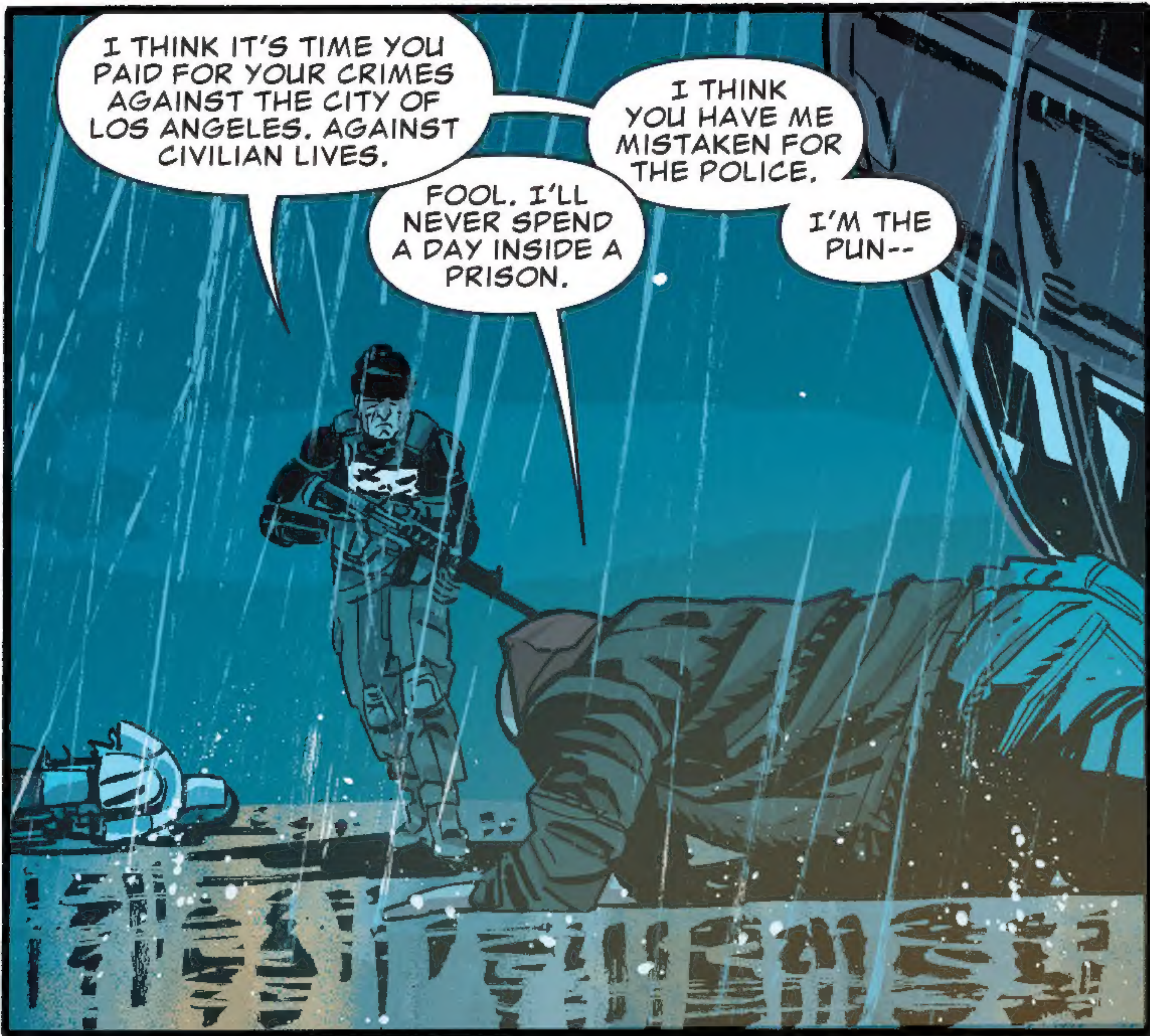
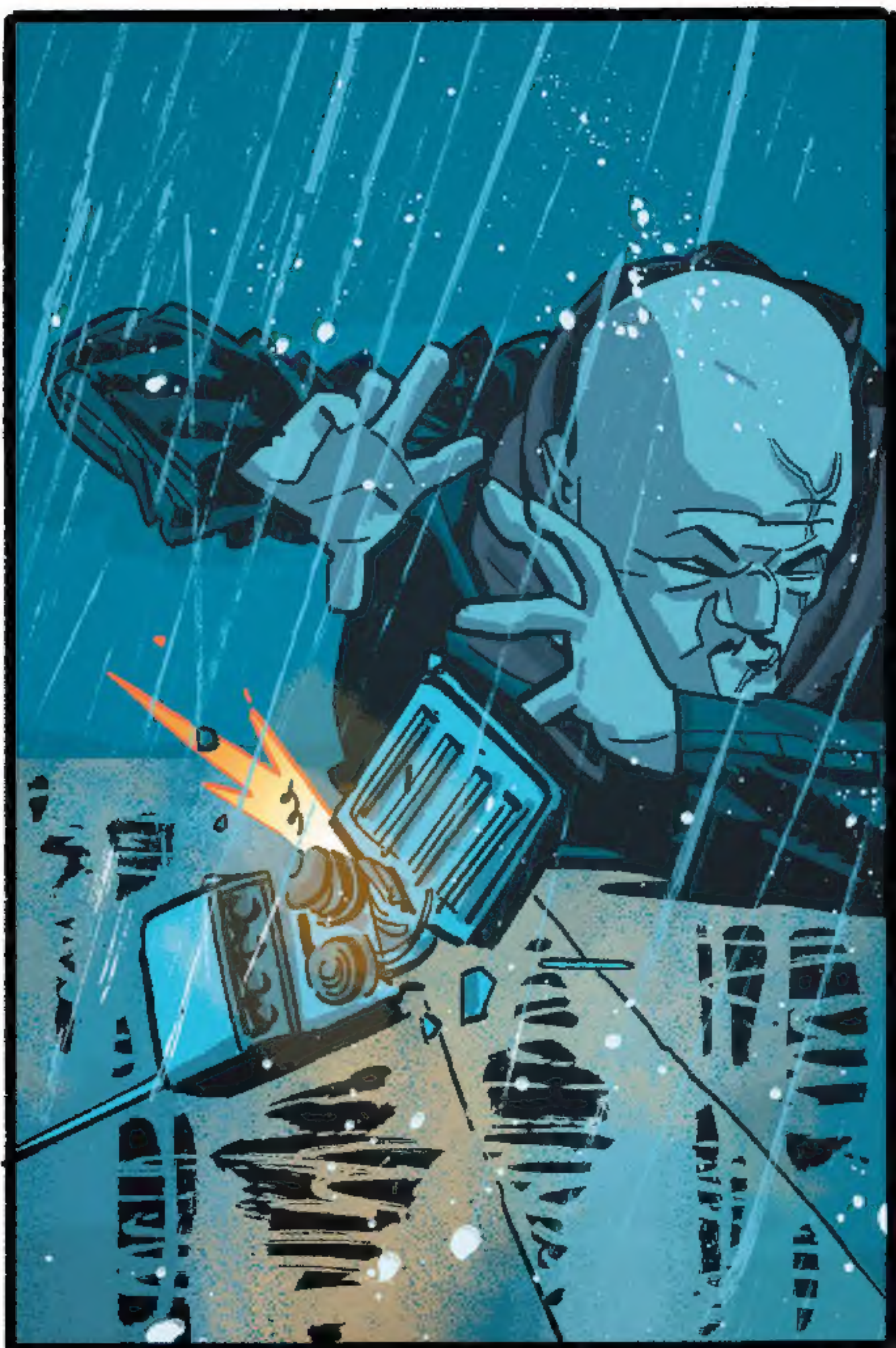


GET  
CLEAR SO I  
CAN RELEASE  
THE GAS!





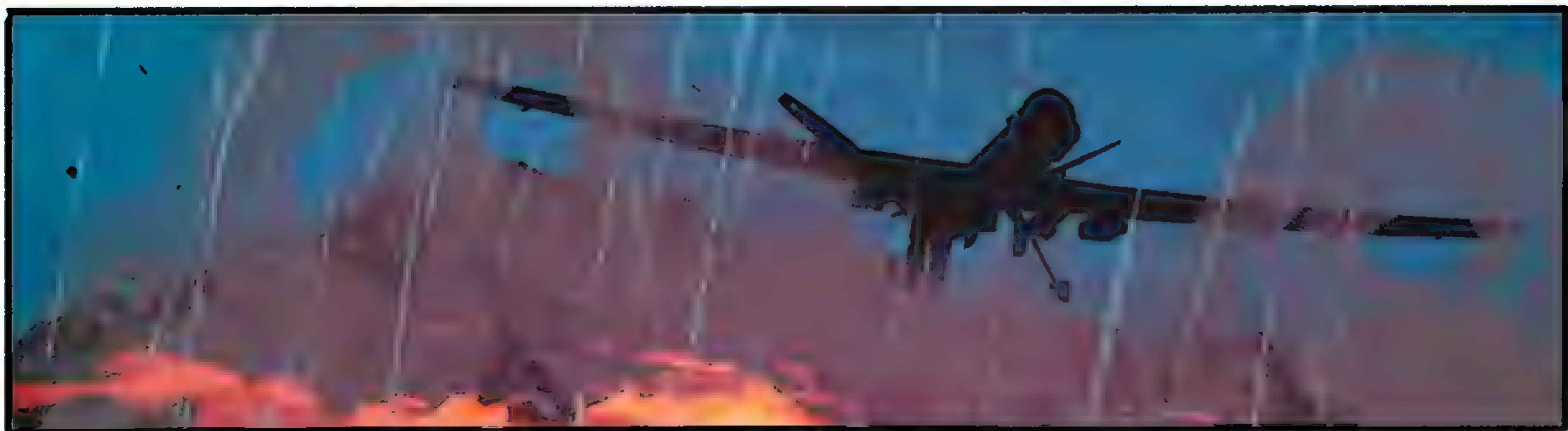
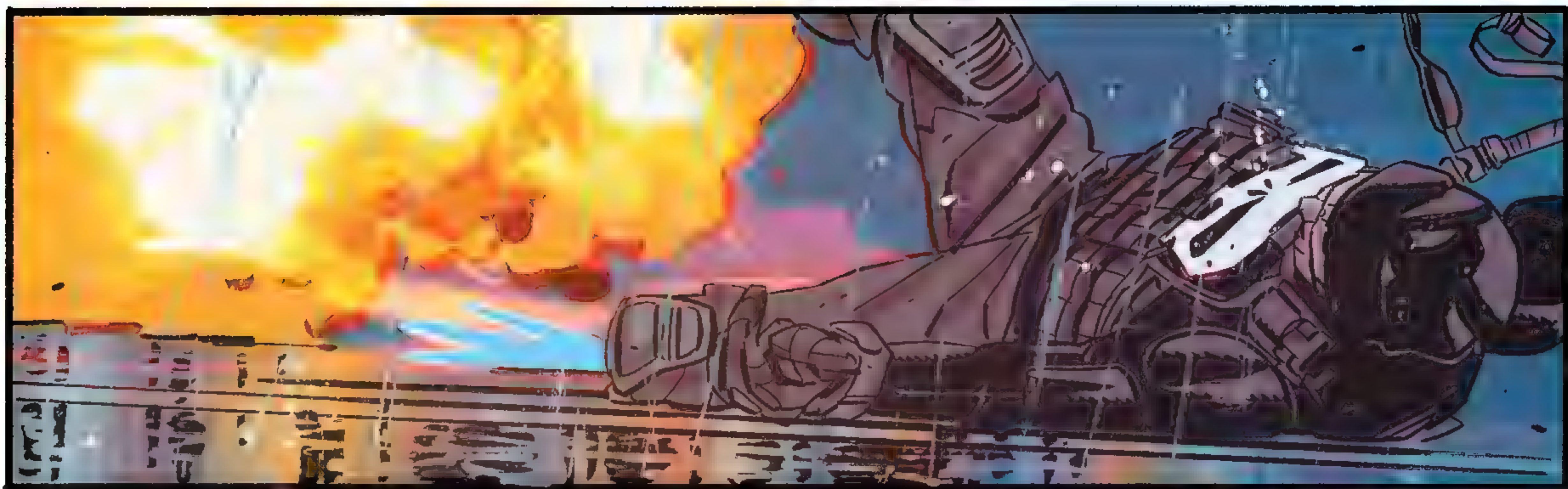
















VICTORY  
DOESN'T  
FEEL LIKE  
VICTORY.



WHEN WAR BECOMES  
POLITICS YOU FIGHT FOR  
YOUR BROTHER INSTEAD.  
WE ARE SOLDIERS,  
NOT POLITICIANS.

NOT EVEN  
CITIZENS.



BUT MY  
BROTHERS  
ARE GONE...  
SO WHO DO I  
FIGHT FOR?



THEY'LL FIX THE  
POWER GRID.  
THEY'LL FIND THE  
CANISTERS.  
THEY'LL ARREST  
THE REMAINING  
DOS SOLES.

BUT WHO  
WILL CELEBRATE  
VICTORY  
WITH ME?



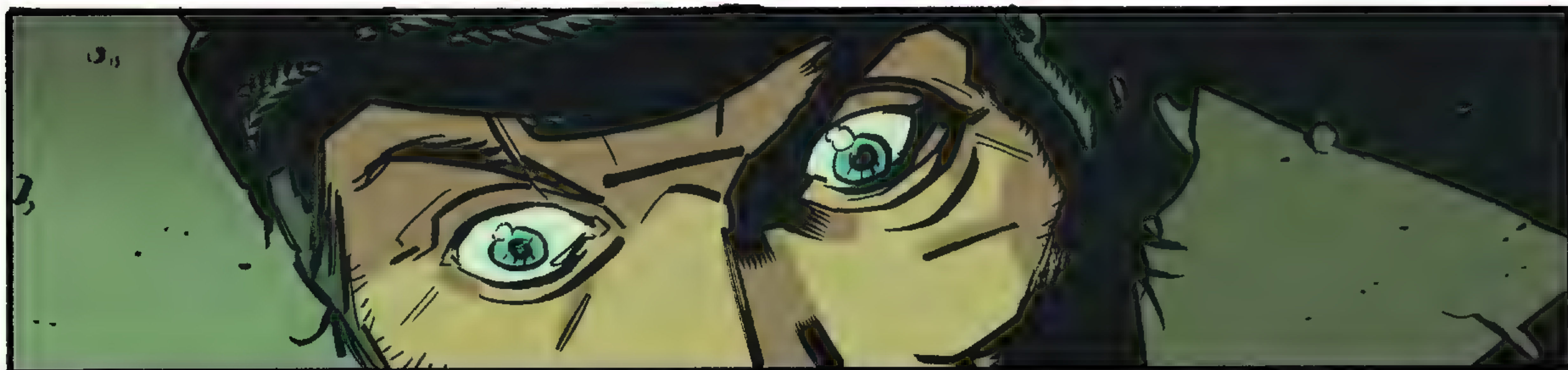
THERE'S NO PROMOTION,  
THERE'S NO COMMENDATION.  
NO THANK YOU, NO HANDSHAKE  
WITH THE PRESIDENT.

SO WHY? WHAT KEEPS  
YOU GOING WHEN THE  
WAR ITSELF...



HAS  
DEFEATED  
YOU?

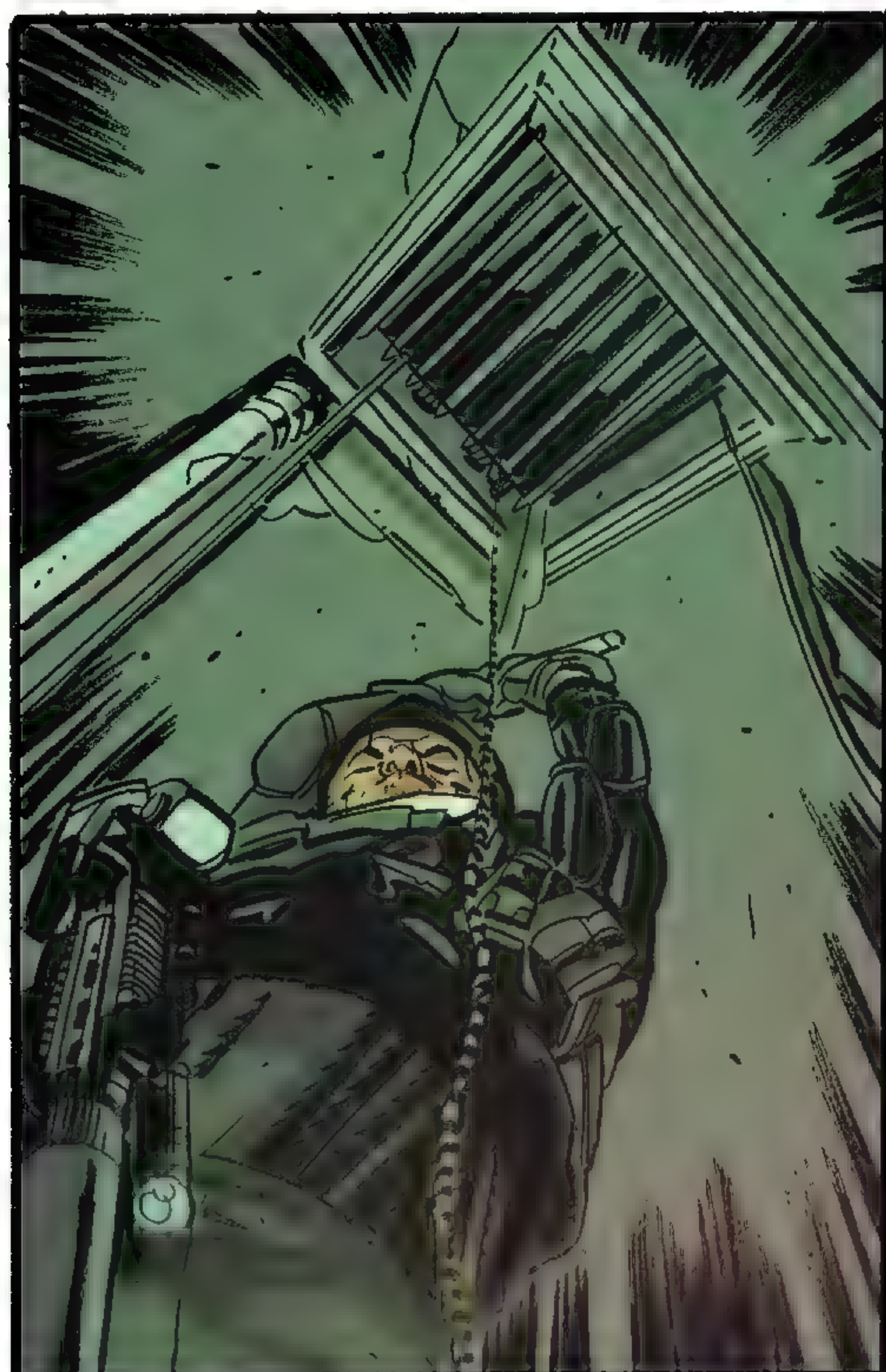
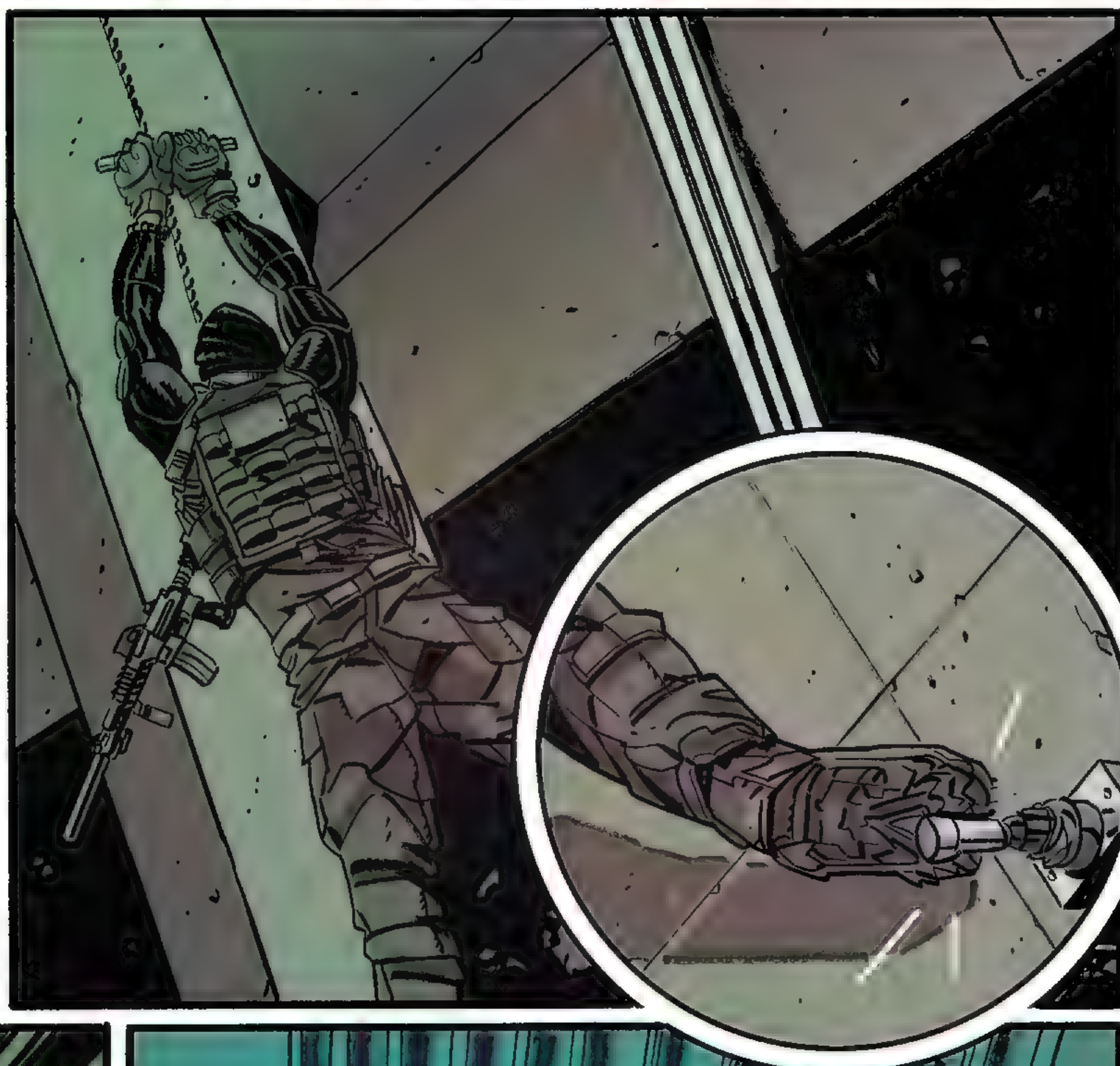
BEEP BEEP













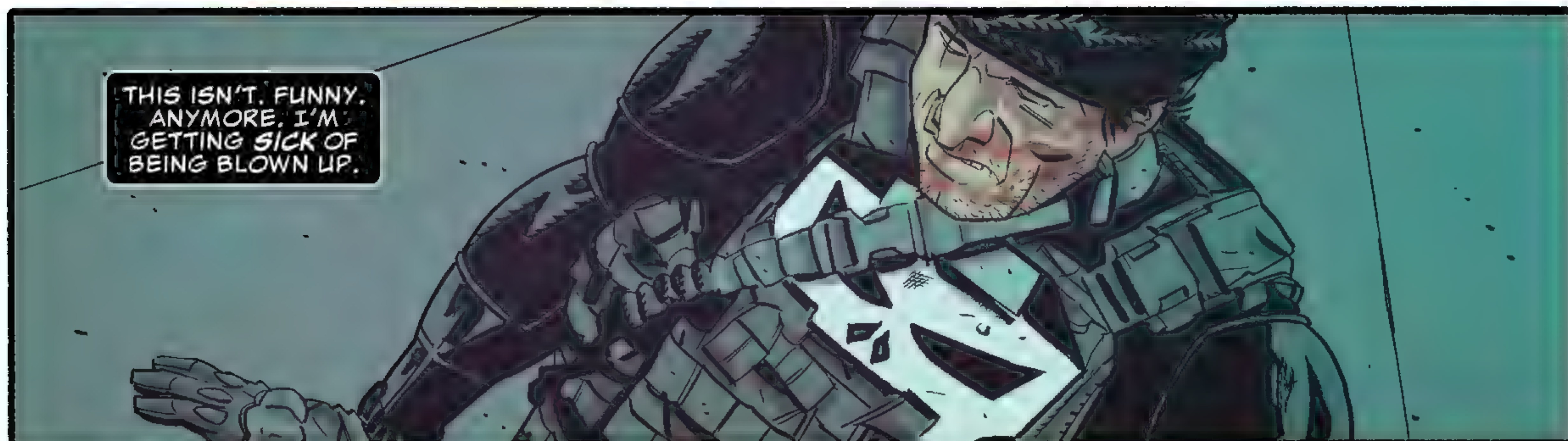


IT'S TIME  
FOR ME TO  
LEAVE.

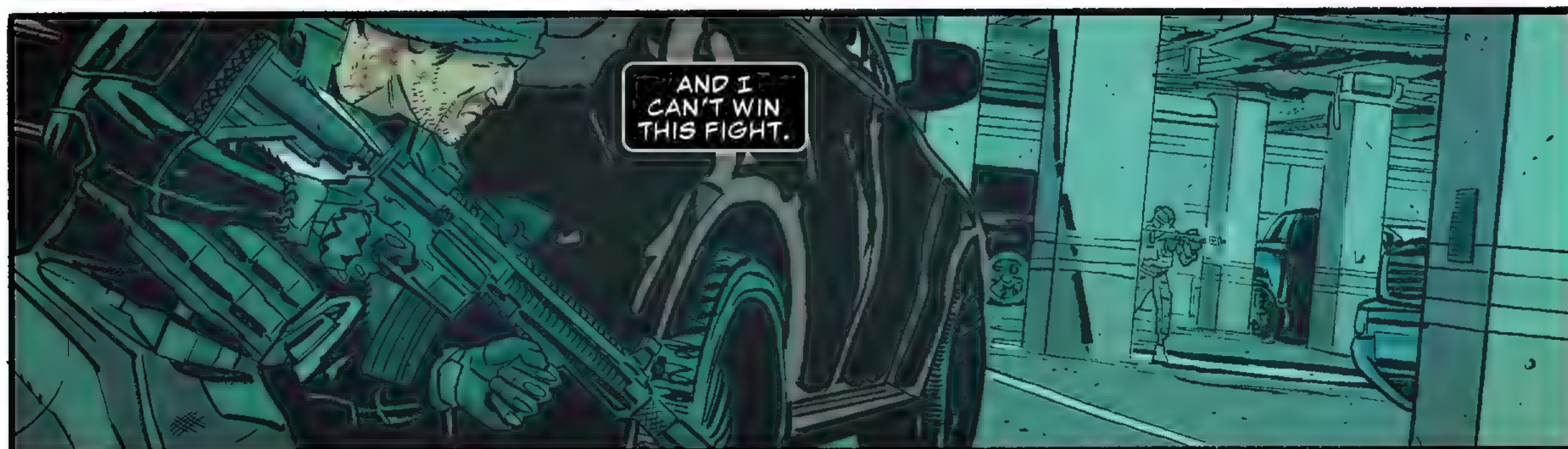


CRACKED RIBS. TORN  
MUSCLES. TWO  
BROKEN FINGERS. A  
BUSTED EARDRUM.  
AMMO DEPLETED.

I'M BEING HUNTED  
BY PROFESSIONAL  
OPERATIVES AND I  
CANNOT WIN THIS  
FIGHT RIGHT NOW.

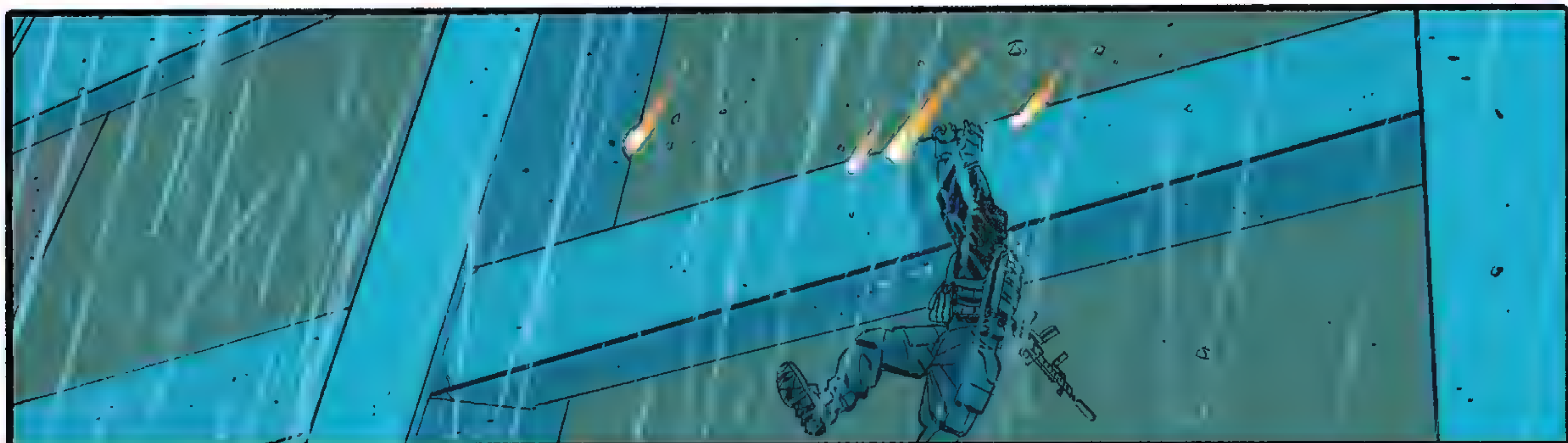
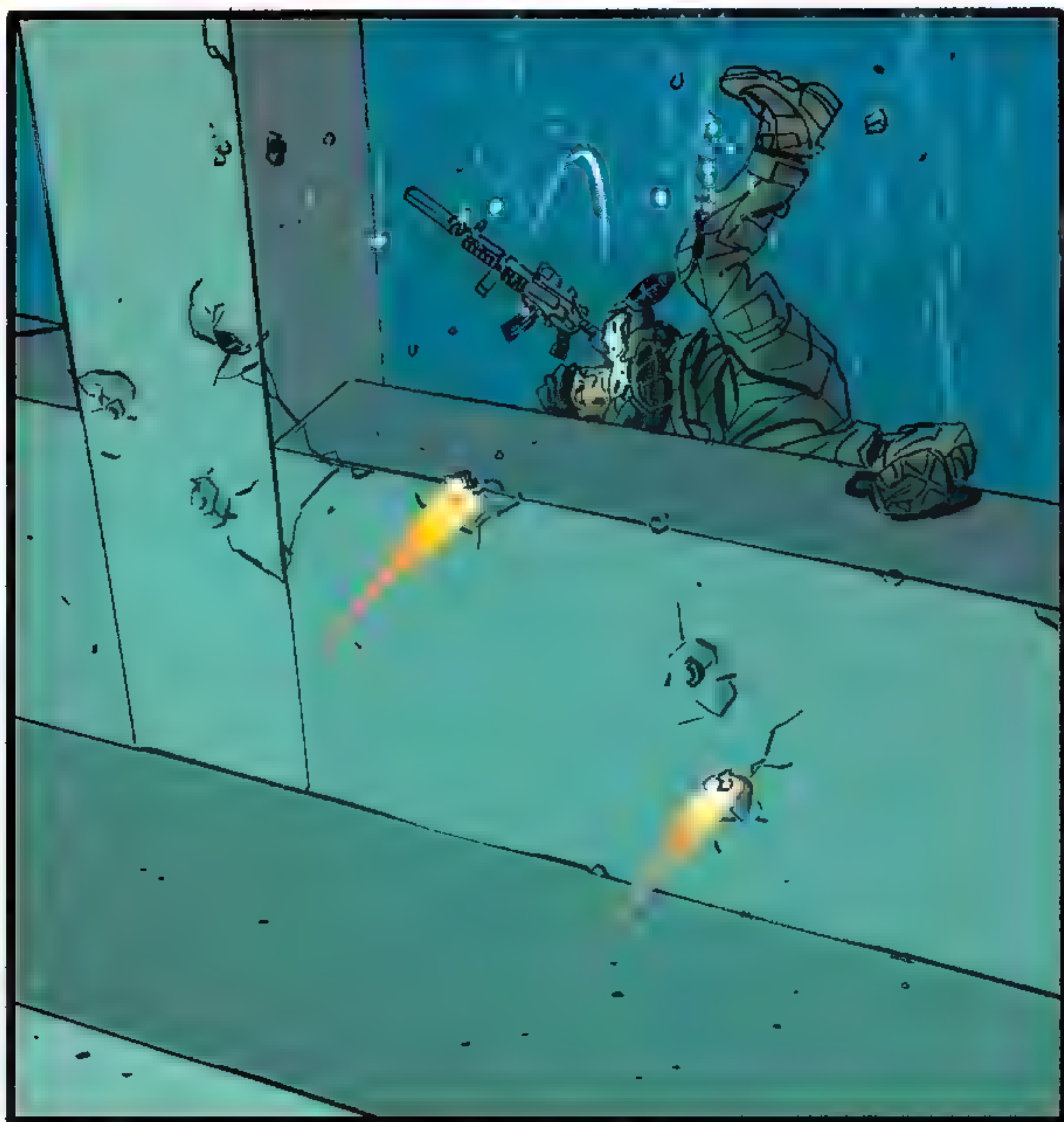
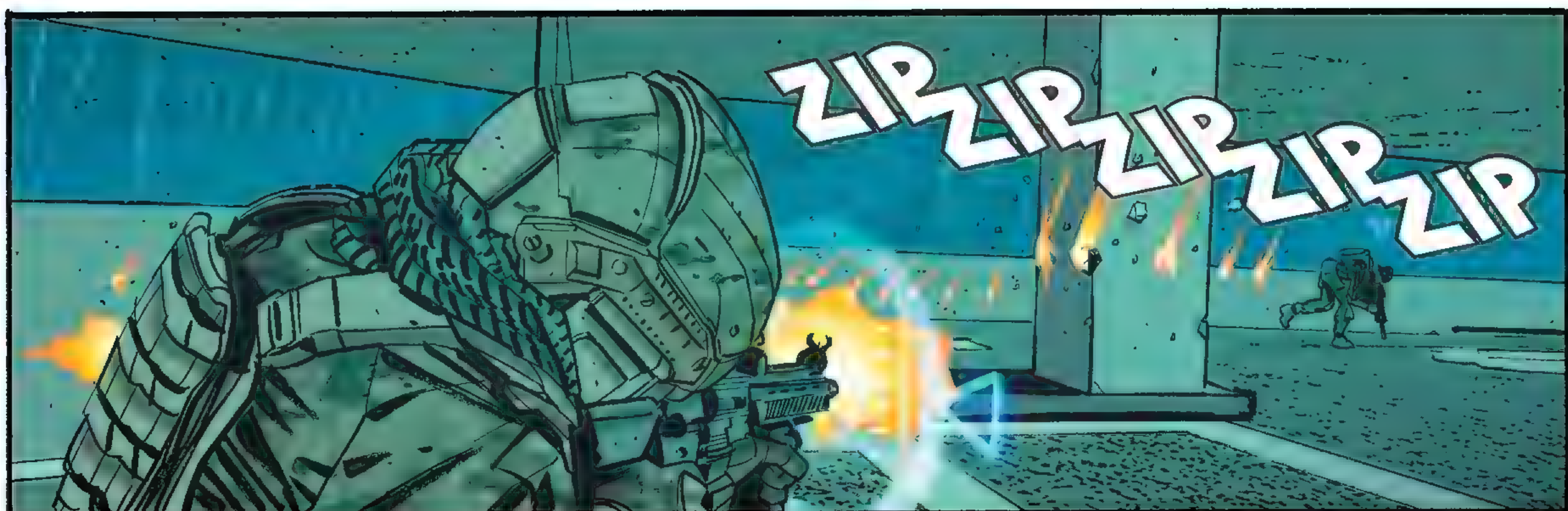


THIS ISN'T FUNNY.  
ANYMORE. I'M  
GETTING SICK OF  
BEING BLOWN UP.

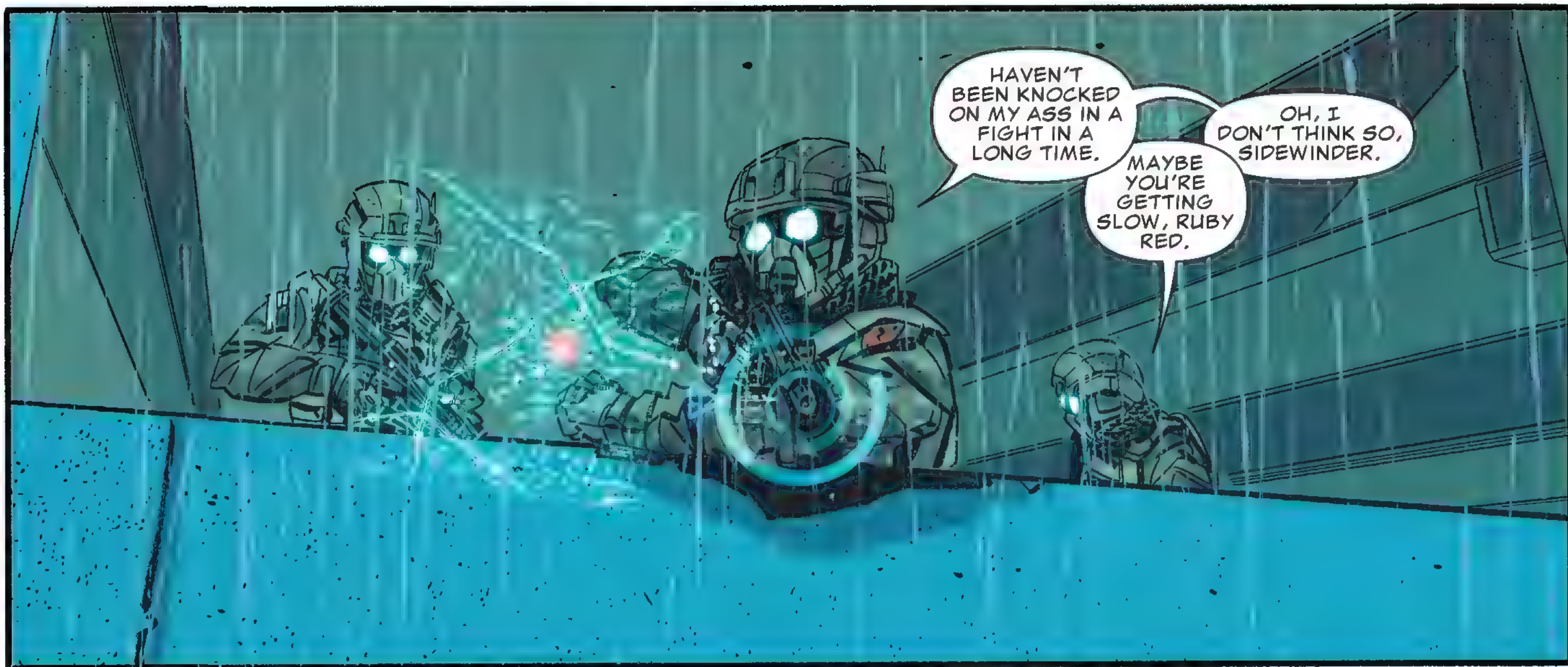
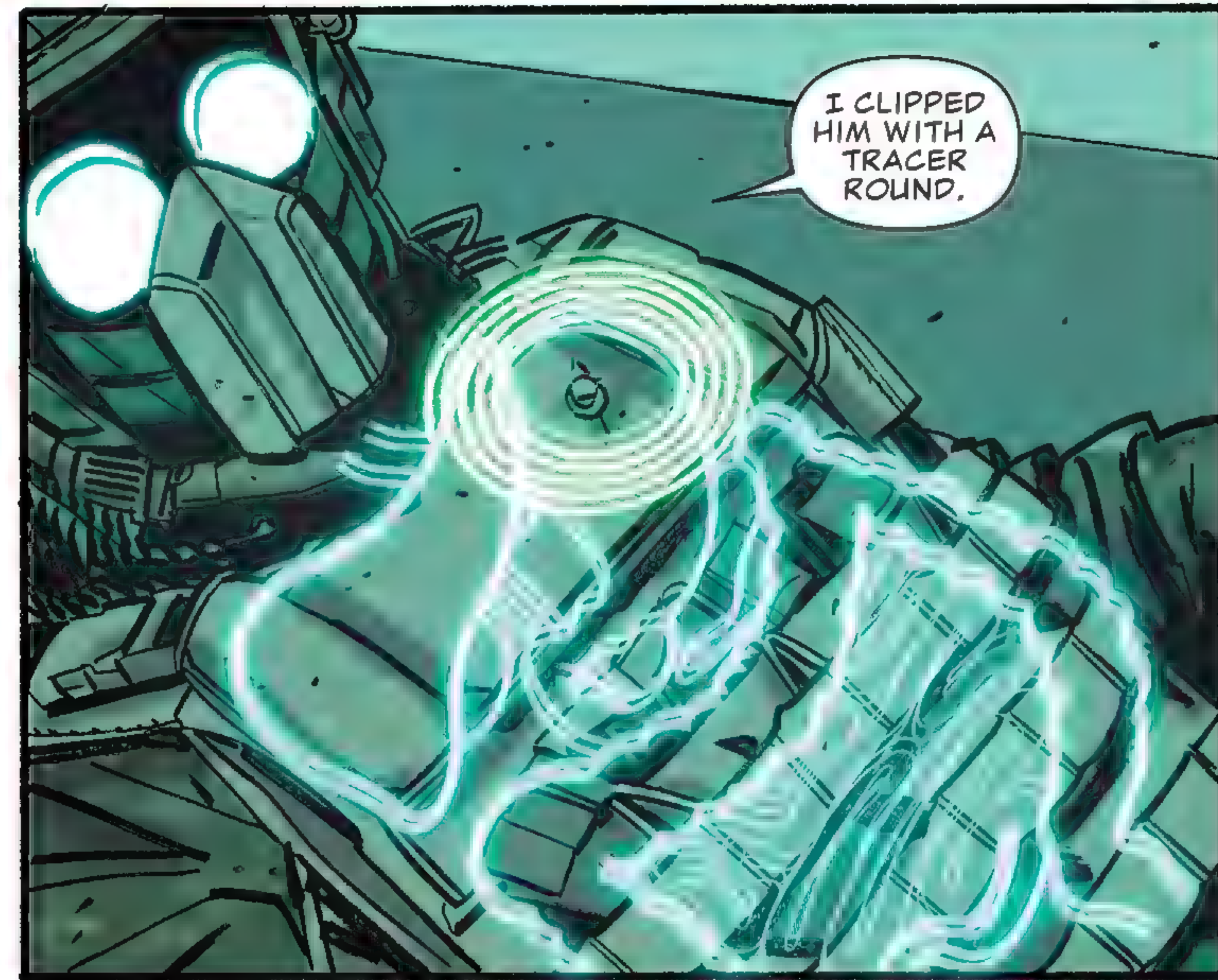
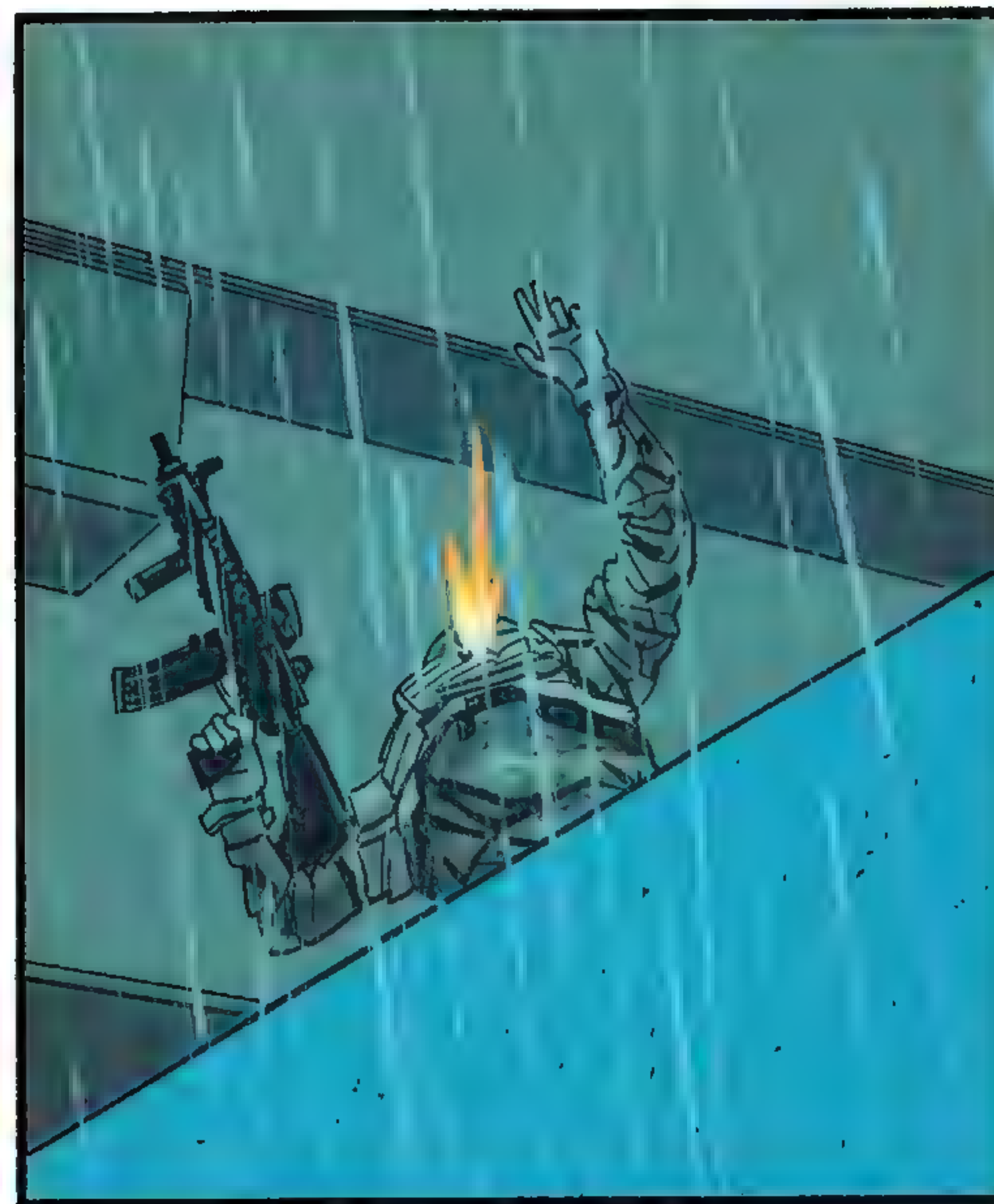
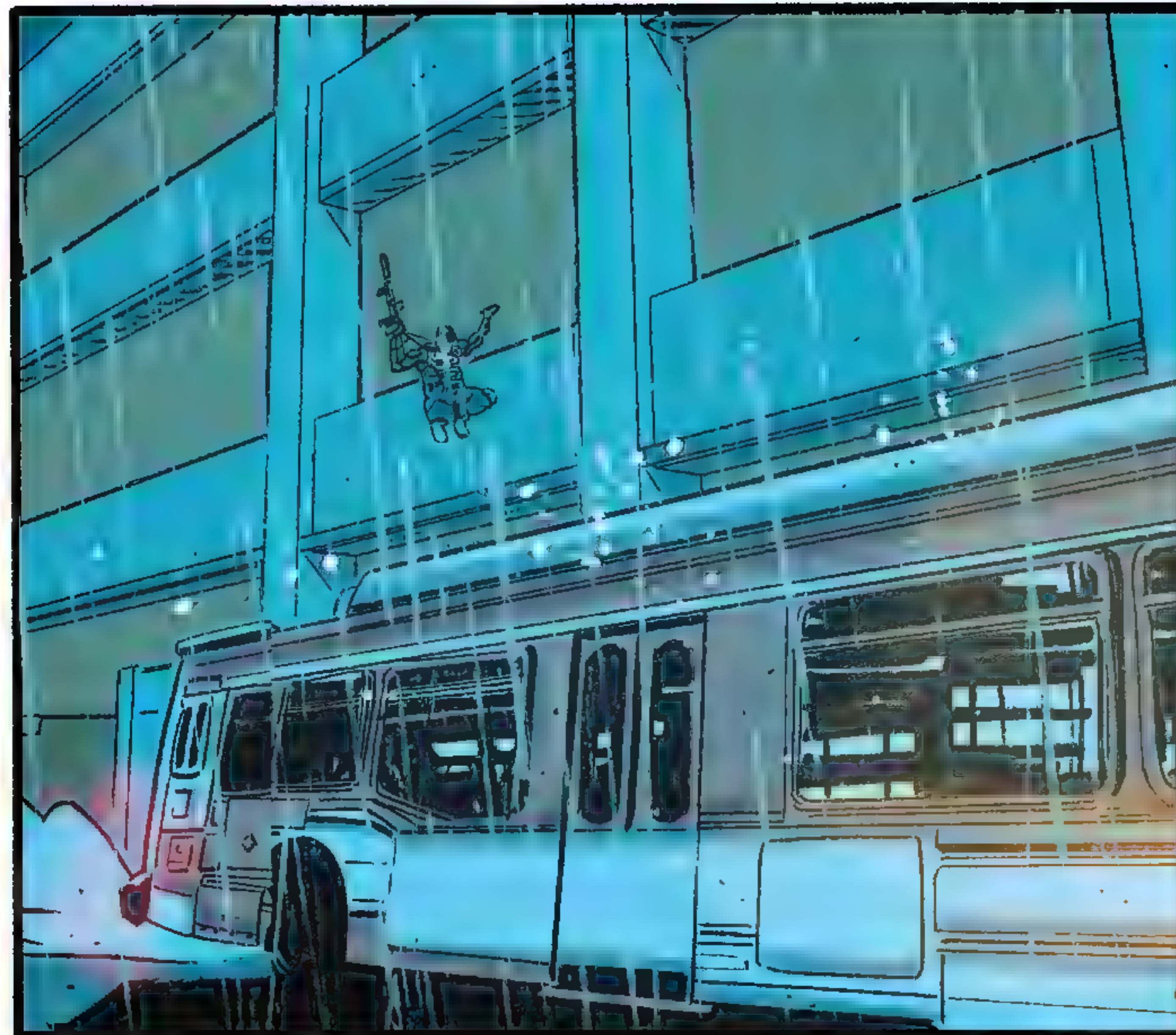
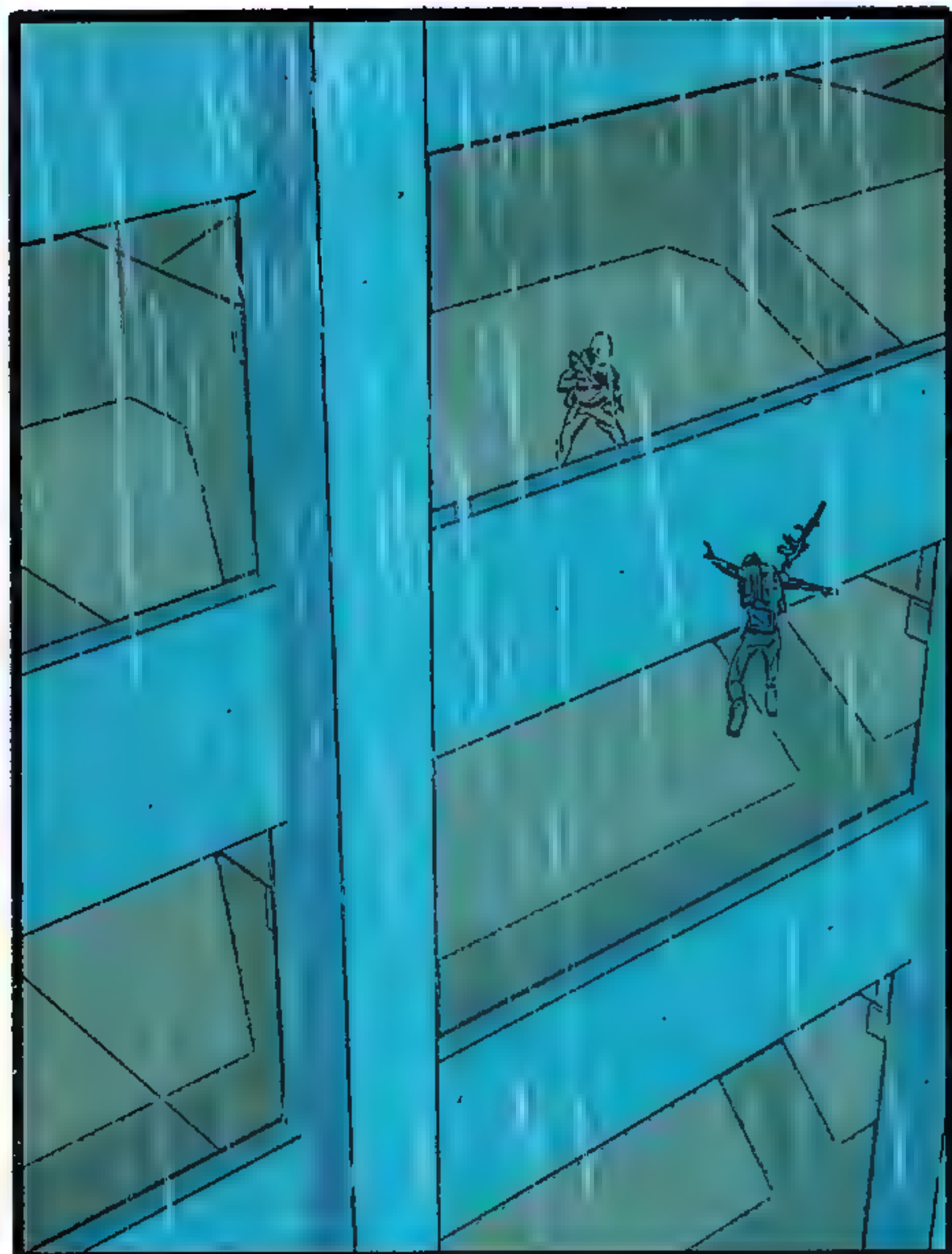
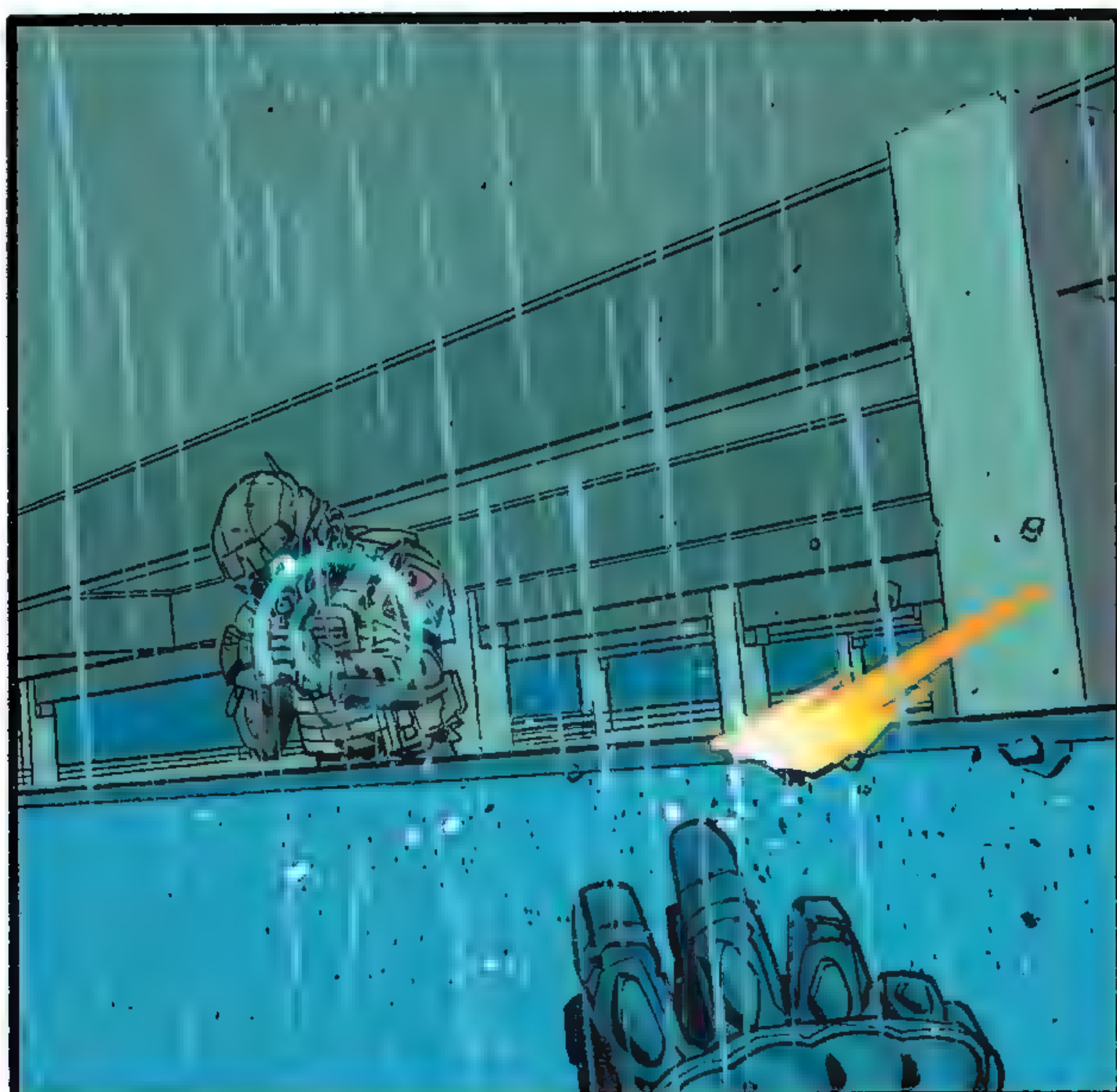


AND I  
CAN'T WIN  
THIS FIGHT.













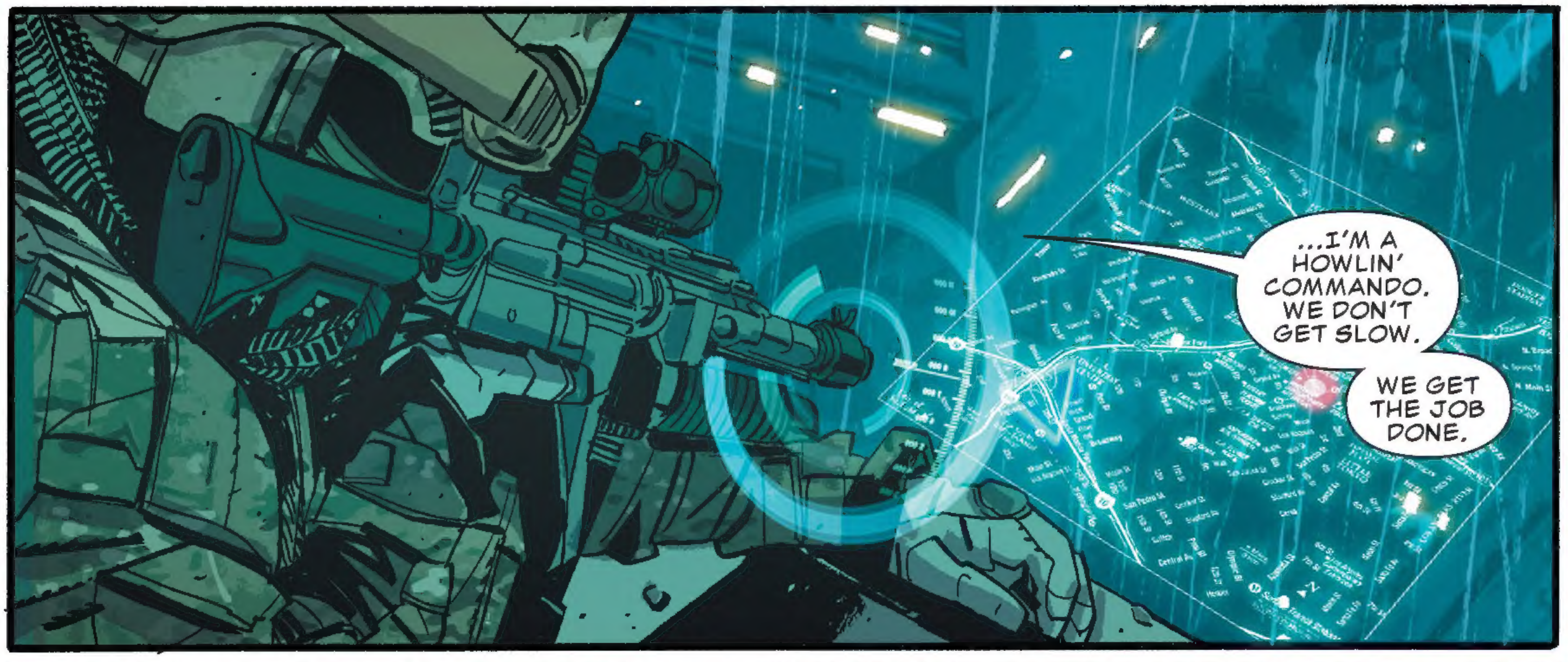


...IS NOT WHEN THEY  
KILL THE INNOCENT  
OR DESTROY A CITY...

...IT IS WHEN  
GOOD MEN STOP  
RESISTING THEM.

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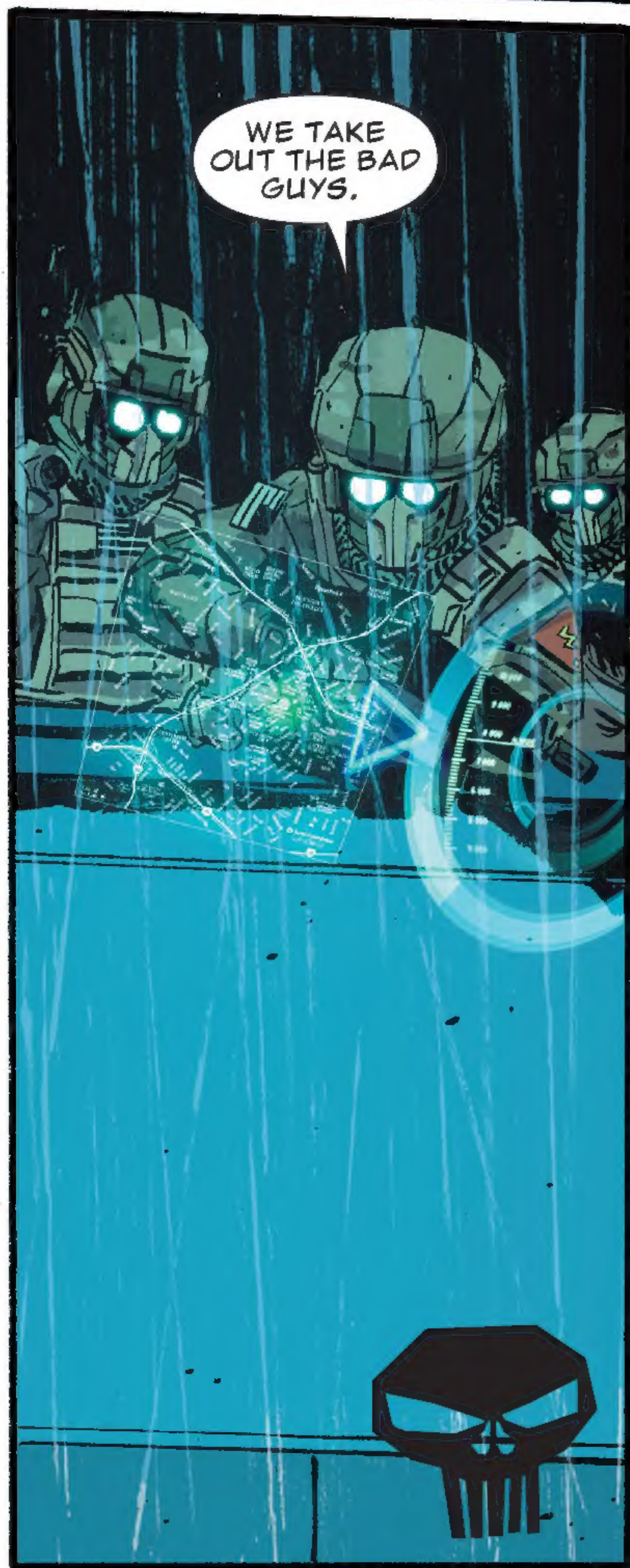
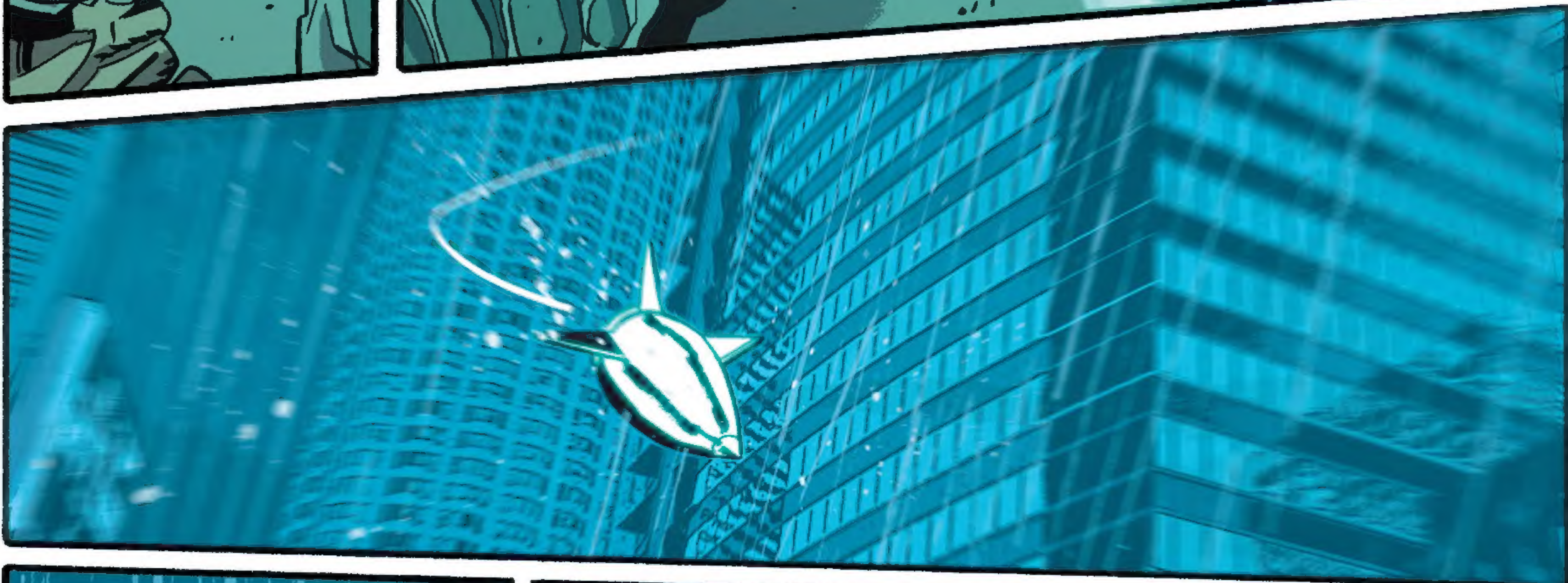
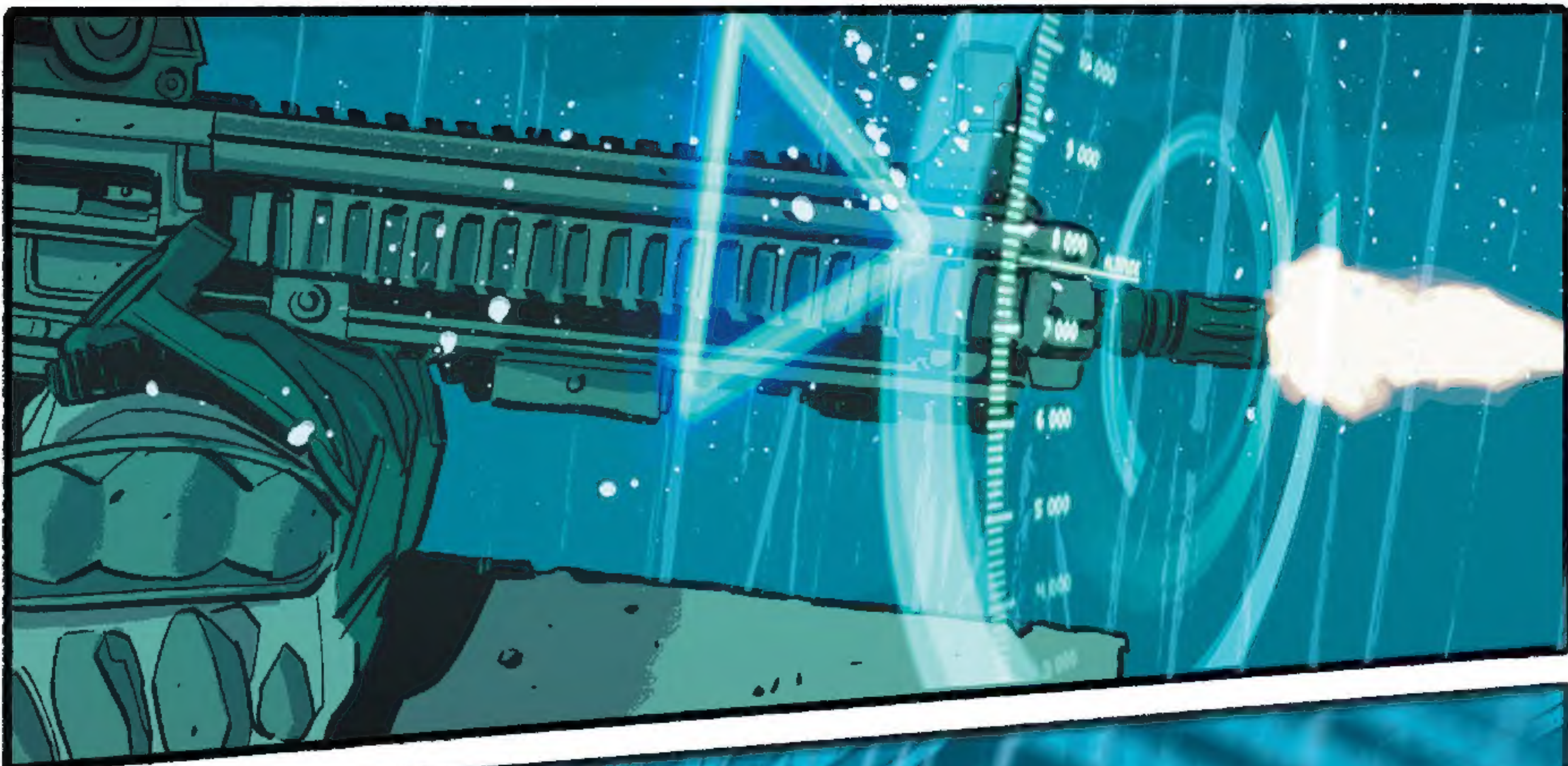
510 DOWNTOWN LA



...I'M A  
HOWLIN'  
COMMANDO.  
WE DON'T  
GET SLOW.

WE GET  
THE JOB  
DONE.







**NEXT:**



**WELCOME TO THE JUNGLE!**